



THE

Irishman's Ramble. To London.

I'LL stay no more in Dublin,
To live upon potatoe fare,
But I'll go up to London,
Arrah! Pat, won't you come, my dear?

C H O R U S.

Arrah! come, come away,
My Irish blade,
Arrah! come, come away,
Och! your fortune will soon be made.

Now the Ladies of London
They are so very kind,
Whenever they get a poor
Honest Teague to their mind.

As for your person tis comely,
Both strait and tall,
To handle a scissair,
G—'s blood an' ould! he can't at all.

If all things should fail you,
And nothing at all prevail,
Take the straps on your shoulder,
And carry the milking pail.

If of all things I've told you,
There's no hing at all will do,
Take a flick in your fist,
Stand a pimp at some bagnio door.

Put curse upon that New Drop,
Tis fatal to Irishmen,
Whenever they hangle the popps,
Or the forging pen.

C H O R U S.

I'll not go away, I'll not go away,
I'll not go away my Irish wife,
For fear of the police men.